

*The History of*

*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,  
Breathlesse and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home:  
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and tookt away again,  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,  
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome coarfe,  
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,  
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Majesties behalf.  
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentle-woman,  
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God save the mark;  
And telling me the soveraign'st thing on earth,  
Was parmacie for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpeter should be dig'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmlesse earth;  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile gunnes,  
He would have been himself a Souldier.  
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

*Henry the Fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not this report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love, and your high Majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
What ere *Harry Percy* then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place:  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and never rise,  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,  
Who in my foul hath wilfully betrayd  
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight,  
Against the great Magician, damned *Glendower*  
Whose daughter as we hear, the Earl of *March*,  
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves,  
No, on the barren mountain let him starve,  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,  
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

*Hot.* Revolted *Mortimer*?

He never did fall off, my Sovereigne Liege,  
But by the chance of warre: to prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle *Severns* siedy bank  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour,  
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement off sweet *Severns* flood,  
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

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